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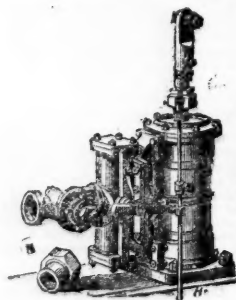
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"Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—*Critic*.

"Here is a really sensible work."—*Musical World*.

REVIEWS.

"*Why did we meet*," and "*Meditation*"—ballads, words by H. S. K.—music by Walter Maynard (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—are more than average specimens of their composer's talent as a writer of songs. The first has the most feeling; the last is, perhaps, the most likely to please at first acquaintance. Both are for the *contralto* voice.

"*Why don't he tell me so?*"—words by J. O., music by Emile Berger (Boosey and Sons)—is extremely pretty and engaging. The words treat a simple subject with appropriate simplicity, and the music has caught the sentiment of them completely. Almost the same paragraph might apply to "*You chide me for loving*"—ballad by the same composer (Boosey and Sons)—with the proviso that it is a little more sparkling.

"*Clotilda Valse*"—by Alexandre (Boosey and Sons) is recommended not merely by the coloured lithograph of a likely young lady on its cover, but by the contents of the inside. We can scarcely expect novelty in a waltz nowadays, much less in a *valse*; but "Alexandre" (whoever he may be) has atoned for the absence of that desideratum by attractive redressings up (after his own fashion) of ideas already somewhat familiar. His "*Clotilda*" is, moreover, showy and effective.

"*I ken a fair wee flower that blooms*"—words by Alexander MacLagan, music by Edwin H. Prout (R. W. Ollivier)—is, whether regarded from the point of view of words or music, a tolerably good imitation of the Scotch style of ballad. This alone will recommend it to a great many amateur singers.

"*Dinorah Valse*"—by H. Laurent (Boosey and Sons)—is adorned by one of the exhaustless Mr. Brandard's happiest frontispieces. Not only is the pose of Dinorah, dancing before the shadow, well imagined, but there is a *shadowy* likeness of Mad. Miolan Carvalho, which will be an extra recommendation to that lady's countless admirers. That M. Laurent should have arranged the themes from Meyerbeer's opera cleverly and brilliantly, will surprise none. Among those he has selected are the beautiful "Ave Maria," and the exquisitely fanciful shadow-song. Both "go" admirably as waltzes.

"*The Sands of Dee*"—words by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, music by M. W. Balfé (Boosey and Sons)—is one of the freshest, most spontaneous and tuneful ballads that ever fell from the pen of the prolific composer of *The Bohemian Girl*, *Rose of Castille* and *Satanella* (or—as used to be said—of *Diadeste* and *Catharine Grey*). The words by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley are perfect; not less perfect is the setting, which involves a tune once heard not easy to be forgotten.

We are fortunate in ballads this time. *The Christmas Rose*—words by Miss M. A. Stodart, music by Lovell Phillips (Duncan Davison, and Co.)—is as graceful and vocal a song as we have met with for a long time—to say nothing of the musicianlike finish of the accompaniments, a charm of itself to educated ears, and which we are always accustomed to expect from Mr. Lovell Phillips. The cover bears a painted lithograph, representing a bouquet that might be offered without hesitation to ever so particular a young lady.

"*Wert thou mine*"—ballad, words by Charles Mackay, composed expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves by Frank Mori (Duncan Davison and Co.)—shows us Mr. Frank Mori under his most favourable musical aspect, and Mr. Charles Mackay with his best poetical coat on. Few can write songs more

vigorously and neatly than Mr. Mackay; few can set them more happily than Mr. Mori; and in "*Wert thou mine*," their united talents are most attractively exhibited.

"*The Suliote War Song*," "*The Blind Man and Summer*," and "*The Harp of Wales*"—music by Brinley Richards (Duncan Davison and Co.)—have all attained a well-merited popularity in the concert-room. The most expressive of the three is "*The Blind Man and Summer*" (poetry by W. Jones), from which both Miss Dolby and Miss Palmer have more than once reaped a harvest of golden opinions; the most bold and full of vigour is "*The Suliote War Song*" (poetry by E. Gilbertson) which is precisely suited to the voice and animated delivery of Mr. Sims Reeves, for whom it was expressly written, and who as a singer of war-songs is unrivalled—witness "*Honour and Arms*," "*Sound an alarm*," and the energetic defiance of the giant Saph, in Mr. Costa's *Eli*; the sweetest, and perhaps the most genial, as coming directly from Mr. Richards' inner soul is "*The Harp of Wales*" (words by E. Gilbertson), also composed for Mr. Sims Reeves, and quite worthy the powers of our great tenor.

Among the dramatic scenes written by "H. S. K.," and set to music by Walter Maynard, "*The Bride of Lammermoor*" (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell) is decidedly the best. This, however, may be accounted for by the fact that it was written and composed for Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, to whom it is dedicated. The opening symphony has character as well as interest; the first *cantilena* ("Swift speeds a horseman,") well develops the idea, and the episode ("Would thou wert here!") is tender and expressive. Moreover the whole is sensibly put together, no point being neglected, while none is made too much of. Mr. Walter Maynard must continue in this track.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.

P. VON WINTER was so frightened of ghosts that he never dared to go out alone of an evening.

Auber once made the following comparison between H. Berlioz and Félicien David: "Berlioz is genius without talent, and David talent without genius."

Grétry, who was equally amiable as a composer and a *gourmand*, used, when engaged on any composition, to go into the kitchen, and seek inspiration from the odours of the various dishes.

There was nothing Nicolo Isouard liked so much, in the way of edibles, as macaroni, prepared by his own hand.

Adolphe Adam composed his scores in a strange manner. Immediately after his dinner, he would lie down on the sofa, and, covering himself up to the nose with eider-down coverlets (even in summer), make his two large cats (called respectively Malibran and Dorus-Gras) lie down with him, one at his head and the other at his feet. It was in this suffocating position that he hit on his most piquant melodies. He worked away in such cases, to use his own expression, "like steam." (This reminds us of Paisiello, who liked composing in bed better than anywhere else, and, so to speak, thus perspired his most joyous melodies.)

When young Grétry first took the sacrament at Lüttich, he prayed as follows: "Merciful God, let me die, if I cannot become an honest man, and a musician." As he was leaving the church a beam fell on him, and he was insensible for a quarter of an hour. On his again opening his eyes he exclaimed, "I am all right! the beam did not kill me! I shall be a straightforward fellow and a good musician!"—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

THE admirable farce, *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*, continues to attract crowds to the little Strand Theatre, which is crowded to the ceiling every night.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Gloucester, Friday.

LAST night's concert attracted by far the largest audience which has yet assembled within the walls of that dismal looking building, whose exterior, with its dull heavy columns, looks rather less cheerful than the jail, and whose interior is painful in its simplicity, with its perfectly straight lines unbroken by any curves or anything suggestive of the line of beauty, and its monotonous cold tint unrelieved by aught in the shape of colour. The room looks eminently practical, but, after the Town Halls of Birmingham and Leeds, St. George's Hall of Bradford or Liverpool, and St. James's Hall of London, does not shine by comparison. Neither does the organ add to its beauty or utility, being inelegant in appearance, occupying a considerable portion of the orchestra, and preventing those placed at its side from getting a good view of the conductor. Not that the latter fact need be so much a matter of regret, as far as the gentleman who wields the *baton* at Gloucester is concerned.

In uniformity with the two preceding concerts the 1st part was devoted (with a single exception) to one composer, as will be seen by the scheme appended.

PART I.

SELECTION FROM THE OPERAS OF ROSSINI.

Overture, (<i>Il Barbiere</i>)	...	Rossini.
Aria, "Largo al factotum," Signor Badiali—(<i>Il Barbiere</i>)	...	"
Romanza, "Selva opaca deserta," Mrs. Clare Hepworth—(Guillaume Tell)	...	"
Duetto, "Mira la bianca luna," Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini	...	"
Aria, "Sorgete," Signor Belletti—(<i>Maometto</i>)	...	"
Trio e coro, "La Carità," Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, and Chorus	...	"
Romanza, "Aurora! ah sorgerai," Signor Giuglini—(<i>La Donna del Lago</i>)	...	"
Finale, Preghiera, "Dal tuo stellato," Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, Signor Badiali, and Chorus—(<i>Mose in Egitto</i>)	...	"
Impromptu (Pianoforte) sur "Robin Adair," Miss Cecilia Summerhayes	...	Wallace.

Signor Badiali's extremely vivacious reading of "Largo al factotum" elicited a warm encore, for which the acting as much (or more) than the singing was accountable. To the delicious romance from *La Donna del Lago*, "Aurora! ah sorgerai," sung to perfection by Signor Giuglini, the harp obbligato being no less charmingly played by Mr. Trust, of the Royal Italian Opera band, a similar compliment was unanimously awarded. Nor must a strong word of praise be omitted for Mrs. Clare Hepworth, who, in her rendering of the romance from *William Tell*, evinced marks of steady improvement and promise of still farther progress. Mr. Reeves' illness still preventing his appearance, Mr. Montem Smith sustained the principal tenor part in the "Prayer" from *Mose in Egitto*, which was given irreproachably. Equally unexceptionable was the duet "Mira la bianca luna," by Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, and the air from *Maometto*, by Signor Belletti. So pleased was the audience with Miss Summerhayes' performance of Mr. Vincent Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair," that she was compelled to return to the platform, when she gave her admirers a farther opportunity of judging her skill by playing Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and retired overwhelmed with applause. We are confirmed in our opinion that this young lady has a remarkable amount of talent for her years, and only wants time and study to enable her to take a position in the profession she has chosen. Meanwhile, let her not be discouraged by any adverse opinions which may have been expressed, but continue steadily to apply with diligence to overcome difficulties, and, as she is yet very young, there are sufficient years before her to enable her to become a thorough mistress of her instrument, not only as far as manipulation is concerned, but also in those points wherein she is at present defective—light, shade, and expression. Let her also avoid too frequent use of the pedal, and learn to produce

her "fortes" with wrist and finger instead of the foot. The second part of the concert was as follows:—

PART II.

Grand Symphony in D (No. 2)	...	Beethoven.
Song, "Three Fishers"—Miss Dolby	...	Hullah.
Part-song, "Ave Maria"—Full Choir	...	H. Smart.
Aria, "Qui la voce," (<i>Puritani</i>)—Mdlle. Titiens	...	Bellini.
Scena, "Ocean! thou mighty monster," (<i>Oberon</i>)—Mad. Clara Novello	...	Weber.
Old English Ballads, "My lodging is on the cold ground," "To the May-pole haste away," (16th century)—Miss Dolby	...	
"Tu m'ami"—Signor Giuglini	...	Balfe.
Song, "The Enchantress"—Miss Lascelles	...	Hatton.
"God save the Queen."	...	

Of the symphony, a morning contemporary says: "it was most effectually given by the orchestra, notwithstanding the omission of the 'repeats,' which the composer himself would never have sanctioned, and which the attention of the audience during the performance shows to have been wholly superfluous." A local paper says: "The symphony was rather too long, and the audience, we think, would have been generally better pleased had it been only half as long, and a second instrumental performance played instead, such, for instance, as the overture to *Guy Mannering*, which is full of sterling Scotch airs!" Which is right, the London or the local reporter, we will not pretend to say, but hope, for the sake of the musical taste of Gloucester, that it is the former. Did time and space permit, a most amusing series of local criticisms might be given. At one of the Festivals (Hereford, we think) we can remember one or two gems. Speaking of Mr. Sims Reeves' singing, the local scribe remarked that "the sweetness of his long runs revealed his finish," and alluded to a ballad by the "now almost forgotten composer, Gordigiani," who at that time had just begun to make his reputation!

Miss Dolby, who had kindly consented to sing a ballad in place of the absent tenor, gave Mr. Hullah's "Three Fishers," so much to the satisfaction of the audience that it was unanimously redemanded. Mdlle. Titiens again evoked a storm of applause by her artistic execution of the great air from the *Puritani*, but was compelled, from indisposition, to omit the "Bolero" from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, for which she was set down, Signor Giuglini supplying her place with Balfe's "Tu m'ami," but too familiarly known as the more than somewhat hackneyed "When other lips," from the Bohemian old lady, who was a "girl" long before "this old hat was new." The grand scena from *Oberon*, by Mad. Novello, two more ballads from Miss Dolby, Miss Lascelles's song warbled to a retreating audience, and "God save the Queen" to a general accompaniment of shuffling feet, brought the last concert to a close.

Of the general execution of the *Messiah* this day, it is enough to record that, as a whole, it was by far the best performance of the week, every one concerned being, so to speak, more perfect in their parts. The effect of the choruses pealing through the grand old Norman nave and exquisite choir of the cathedral, was impressive in the highest degree, while the admirable acoustic properties of the building rendered every note of the solos distinctly audible from every point. Mr. Sims Reeves, by dint of having carefully nursed himself the previous day, had sufficiently recovered to sing the whole of the tenor part; and whether in the pathetic "Comfort ye," or vigorous and energetic "Thou shalt break them," showed himself the only living artist capable of interpreting the true meaning of oratorio music. Mrs. Clara Hepworth, in the only air allotted to her, "How beautiful are the feet," again displayed the excellent quality of her voice, and careful musician-like reading, for which we have previously given her credit. Madame Clara Novello's rendering of the principal soprano part is too well known to require comment at our hands, and the sympathies of the audience were more than ever with her, since her courageous and noble conduct of Wednesday evening. To Miss Dolby and Signor Belletti, also, must praise be awarded, not forgetting Mr. Thomas for the little (far too little) assigned to him. The audience remained standing during the following choruses, "And the glory of the Lord," "For unto us a

child is born," "Lift up your heads," "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb." The attendance was enormous; some 2,800 persons being present; with one exception, by far the largest number we ever remember at any previous meeting. In the nave and aisles, despite the taking down of barriers and introduction of forms and chairs without number, there was neither sitting nor standing room, and the choir completely at the back of the orchestra, whence no possible glimpse could be obtained of the performers, was quite full up to the altar. Thus, it will be seen, at these festivals, the *Messiah* still retains its deserved pre-eminence. From an early hour in the morning we observed streams of vehicles of a thoroughly agricultural appearance, bearing the wives and families of farmers and others, pouring in from the surrounding neighbourhood, and to these the triennial performance of Handel's imperishable masterpiece is an event looked forward to with delight from one Festival to another. After all there is a something in the grand, majestic, yet touching simplicity of this oratorio (especially when heard in a Cathedral) that goes more nearly to the heart than any other composition extant. This with all deference to the *Elijah*, equally great in its way, but of a more elaborate character, and appealing rather to the educated musician than the intelligence of the general masses.

The collection, £456 18s. 11d., was, we believe, the largest on record. We give a corrected statement of the amounts of each day:—

Tuesday	£201	1	6
Wednesday	161	11	4
Thursday	214	3	6
Friday	456	18	11
Total	£1,033	15	3

Since this, various donations have been added, including 25 guineas from Mr. Sims Reeves, and £5 from Miss Dolby, swelling the total to upwards of £1,065. The collections in 1856 were as follows:—

Tuesday	£162	8	4
Wednesday	203	0	1
Thursday	183	13	6
Friday	319	5	8
Total	£868	7	7

This was afterwards augmented to somewhere about £900.

We now give the numbers who attended at the Cathedral and Shire Hall side by side with those of 1856:—

ATTENDANCE AT THE CATHEDRAL.			1859.		
1856.			Tuesday	1700	
Tuesday	1671	Wednesday	1414	
Wednesday	1464	Thursday	1546	
Thursday	2099	Friday	2800	
Friday	2801			
	8035			7460	
	7460				

575 less than in 1856.

ATTENDANCE AT THE CONCERTS.			1859.		
1856.			Tuesday	415	
Tuesday	519	Wednesday	350	
Wednesday	498	Thursday	635	
Thursday	757			
	1744			1400	
	1400				

374 less than in 1856.

Thus it will be seen that there were actually fewer persons present at this festival than the one preceding, and consequently we fear there will be no surplus for the charity. However, the deficiency when distributed over so large a body of stewards (numbering no less than 44) will fall very lightly, and be no discouragement to their again coming forward in the good cause. On the other hand, it will be observed that the collections at the doors far exceed any previous amount, and as this is handed

over to the fund without any drawback, the widows and orphans of the clergy will have a very handsome contribution.

Among the special donations may be mentioned The Worcester Stewards (Stock dividend), £60; Earl Ducie, Lord Lieutenant of the county, £50; the High Sheriff, £50; Lord Bishop of Gloucester, £20; Dean of Gloucester, £10 10s.; Lord Ellenborough, £10; the Gloucester Stewards (Stock dividend), £22 12s. 7d.; Gloucestershire Archery Society, £27 3s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, 25 guineas; Miss Dolby, £5: &c., &c., besides a contribution of £5 from each steward, which is given quite independently of any loss that may arise from a deficiency between the receipts and expenditure.

The following ladies have been among the plate-holders:—

Tuesday.—Lady Charlotte Carnegie, Mrs. Banks, Miss Rice, Miss Bathurst, Miss Peters, Lady Darrell, Miss Hickeys Beach, Miss Hopkinson, Miss Brown, Miss Davis, Miss Dutton, Miss Rice, Lady Gifford, Mrs. T. Evans.

Thursday.—Countess of Dunraven, Lady Lachmere, Lady Affleck, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Rolt, Mrs. Barwick Baker, Mrs. Claxson, Miss Lyons, Miss Curtis Hayward.

Friday.—Lady Hickeys Beach, Lady Curtis, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Hopkinson, Mrs. Gambier Parry.

Among the nobility and gentry who have attended the festival are

The Earl of Ellenborough, Countess of Dunraven, Lady Augusta Wyndham Quin, Lord and Lady De Mauley, Lady Gifford, The Lady Charlotte Carnegie, Hon. Charles Carnegie, Hon. R. Lygon, M.P., Lady Isabella Howard, Hon. Mrs. Howard, Lady Hicks Beach, Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bart., Miss Hicks Beach, Sir William Curtis, Bart., Lady Curtis, Miss Curtis, Lord Wrottesley, Sir John Davis, Bart., K.C.B., Mr. Sullivan Davis, Miss Davis, The High Sheriff, J. Coucher Dent, Esq., Hon. Miss Rice, Rev. Sir Lionel Darrell, Bart., Lady Darrell, Miss Darrell, Dowager Lady Darrell, Rev. Sir Geo. Prevost, Bart., Ladies Isabella and Mary Howard, Sir M. Crawley Bovey, Bart., Lady Mary Berkeley, Lady Lechmere, Lady Isabella Saint John, The Misses Dutton, Hon. Mrs. Sayers, Hon. and Rev. J. Colborne, E. Holland, Esq., M.P., J. Rolt, Esq., M.P., Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Lady Affleck, Hon. Mrs. Seymour Bathurst, Miss Bathurst, Right Hon. Sotheron Estcourt, Col. Lyons, C.B., Colonel Purnell, C.B., The Worshipful the Mayor, The Sheriff, Lady Gertrude Scott, Bishop of Perth (Australia), Honorary Canons Frampton, Power, and several others.

THE BALL.

The usual Full Dress Ball brought the festival to a close. It was eminently successful, a considerable number of tickets having been taken. The entrance to the ball-room was from Bear-lane. The supper was laid out in the long vestibule. It was supplied by Mr. Fortt, of Westgate-street. Adams's celebrated band was engaged, so that the very best dance music was insured. The following was the programme of the dances:—1. Quadrille; 2. Valse; 3. Lancers; 4. Valse; 5. Galop; 6. Quadrille; 7. Valse; 8. Lancers; 9. Valse; 10. Polka Mazurka; 11. Quadrille; 12. Valse; 13. Lancers. A considerable number of quadrilles, vases, and galops having been submitted by Mr. Adams to the lady-patronesses, the following were the names of those they selected:—*Quadrilles*—Luisa Miller, Martha, Il Trovatore, Comet, St. Petersburg, La Traviata. *Vases*—Fern Leaves, Luisa Miller, Mamma's Little Pet, Satanella, Queen of the Harvest, Il Trovatore, Violante. *Galops*—Garibaldi, Leviathan, Emperor, Dover Express, Antelope, War, Malakhoff. Among the vases danced was one composed by Lady Jenkinson, which Mr. Adams arranged for the band. The valse is lively and pleasing.

As the unrehearsed scene at the Shire Hall formed a general topic of discussion during the week, and comments were freely made on the conduct of the stewards, it is satisfactory to find that the *amende* honourable has been made to Mr. Sims Reeves, as the *Gloucester Journal* of the 17th says:—

"We understand that a gentlemanly written apology has been made by Mr. Gambier Parry and also by the Mayor of Gloucester in reference to the unpleasant *contretemps* which ensued at the concert in question."

To the able correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* we are indebted for the following further information on the subject:—

"We have now to add that at a special meeting of the stewards held yesterday morning a letter was presented from Mr. Sims Reeves by Mr. Amott. It was afterwards resolved 'that the stewards were much gratified by the good feeling and intentions expressed in that letter, and through the special attendance of their treasurer they have the pleasure of placing in his hands the cheque due to Mr. Sims Reeves, together with the resolution passed by the Stewards after the conclusion of the *Messiah*, leaving him to carry out his own intentions.'

"The following is the resolution alluded to as having been passed at the conclusion of the *Messiah*:

'Resolution passed by the Stewards of the Gloucester Musical Festival, Sept. 16, 1859.

'The Stewards regret the indisposition incapacitating Mr. Sims Reeves from completely fulfilling his engagement, and they desire that he be paid in full. At the same time, they also express their regret that, from some misunderstanding, the Stewards were not generally and more immediately made aware of the facts of his illness.'

"As to the stewards not being made 'generally and more immediately' aware that Mr. Sims Reeves was unable to sing, it is a thing which, however regrettable, was utterly impossible. After the fire at the Oatlands Hotel, and a consequent night encampment in the park, Mr. Reeves experienced some of the symptoms of approaching illness, and a letter was sent to Gloucester two days before the commencement of the Festival, communicating his fears that the state of his health would not allow him to fulfil his engagement. The stewards, then, could scarcely have been taken by surprise, when on Tuesday they received a second letter, in which Mr. Reeves informed them of his inability to appear that evening, adding that he hoped (as was fortunately the case), to be sufficiently recovered to take his part next day in the *Elijah*. On Wednesday night he gave sufficient proof of his willingness to sing, by going through the whole of the tenor music in the *May Queen*, and it was not astonishing that after this, and after the oratorio of the morning, he—already an invalid—should have become so seriously indisposed, that a repose of thirty-six hours was necessary to enable him to appear on Friday in the *Messiah*. In the meanwhile he had missed the second part of the concert on Wednesday evening, the *Mount of Olives*, and the *Stabat* on Thursday morning, and the whole of the concert on Thursday evening. Thus, to deal with his performances summarily, he found himself at Gloucester on Tuesday too unwell to sing; but feeling better on Wednesday, he fatigued himself by attempting too much, and could not sing again until Thursday. To have informed the stewards 'generally'—which means, we suppose, that Mr. Reeves should have assembled the whole of the forty-four stewards, and addressed them in a body on the subject of his illness—was not at all necessary. Custom, as well as convenience, requires that a singer who is unable to fulfil his engagements shall communicate the fact to the conductor, together with such propositions for supplying his place as he may think fit to suggest; and on that unfortunate Wednesday evening when Mr. Reeves was obliged to withdraw from the concert-room, he, before doing so, explained everything to Mr. Amott—that is to say, his illness, and the arrangements he had been able to make for filling the gaps that would be caused in the entertainment by his absence. Mr. Amott, on his side, could not be expected to tell each of the forty-four that one of the artists, already known to be indisposed, was unable to sing. Suppose he had actually attempted such a feat, and had only been able to find forty-three? Then the forty-fourth might have assumed the duties of oratorship, and would have spoiled everything, as the gentleman did who on Wednesday night announced bluntly that Mr. Reeves had gone home, and that the Stewards couldn't help it. At the last Hereford Festival, there were sixteen stewards, who when, as so often happens at these celebrations, an explanation had to be made to the public, came one and all, hand in hand, on to the platform, like a party of Ethiopian serenaders about to sing 'We're a Band of Brothers.' The Hereford stewards did not sing, but they delivered a series of addresses commencing 'We, the stewards;' and there was this advantage about the arrangement, that, with all its ludicrousness, it insured unity of action among the members of the managing committee. The appearance, however, of the forty-four Gloucester stewards drawn up in line on the platform, and fraternally grasping one another by the hand, would have been too imposing a sight for the nerves of the public; and as, at the same time, it was essential to the perfect success of the Festival that there should be no possibility of misunderstanding between its directors, we cannot but think that some one of the body ought to have been chosen and invested with dictatorial powers. Such a one would, of course, have been the spokesman of the governing body; and it should have been the appointed duty of Mr. Amott to keep him informed of all alterations which might be found necessary in carrying out the various programmes.

"It has been seen that Mr. Amott, at the meeting of September 17, acted as intermediary between the stewards, who had offended Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Reeves, who without being able to avoid it, had disappointed the stewards. Indeed this gentleman had done his best to render the Festival as successful as possible—except that he *will* act as musical conductor, a post for which he is unfitted. He might have been born with special qualifications for the office, and even the want of experience would have prevented him from attaining anything like efficiency in it. However good a musician he may be, it is impossible Mr. Amott should be a competent orchestral director, when he only assumes the guidance of a band once every three years."

The graphic account of the affair from the *Times* is worth preserving, the more especially as it contains Mad. Novello's speech *verbatim* :—

"Not the irresistible overture to *Oberon*, revealing Weber's genius in its brightest splendour, was the feature of the second part. 'What, then,' our musical readers may inquire—and naturally enough, every piece in the programme having been signalized by name—'What, then, was the feature of the second part?' Well, it was neither an overture nor an 'aria,' nor a ballad, nor a duet, nor a trio, nor a quartet, nor a barcarole, nor a 'spirit-song;'—it was a speech, and a speech out of four. No less than four speeches were ventured in the course of about one hour last night—three short, and little to the purpose; one not very long, but *much* to the purpose. Of the short speeches one was delivered by Mr. T. Gambier Parry, a 'steward,' and two were furnished by the Mayor of Gloucester: the not very long speech flowed gently from the lips of Madame Clara Novello. The origin of all these improvised orations may be briefly stated. The indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves has been alluded to. It was observed on all sides during the performance of *The May Queen*, and no one ought to have felt surprise, however he may have experienced disappointment, at the omission of a ballad allotted to that gentleman in the second part of the concert. When, however, Madame Novello had sung 'Prendi per me' out of its place, and on her retiring there were no signs of Mr. Reeves, the audience began to be restive, and would not be pacified until one of the stewards (Mr. T. G. Parry) came forward and addressed them. He said (as nearly as we can remember), 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—It seems to be the principal duty of the stewards to make apologies for Mr. Sims Reeves. The stewards have done all in their power, but as Mr. Sims Reeves has quietly walked off, the stewards cannot fetch him back, and I hope they will not be blamed. He has found a good friend in Madame Novello, who has kindly consented to sing a song in his stead.' This address was received with mingled applause and hisses. It did not, however, satisfy Mr. Reeves's substitute, who, protesting that it conveyed an erroneous statement of the facts, declared that she would not sing until it had been corrected. The Mayor of Gloucester (on the refusal of his colleague to set matters right) then volunteered a further explanation, which amounted to this :—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Madame Novello will give another song in place of Mr. Sims Reeves.'

Cries of 'Not enough'—'We know that already'—greeted the ears of his worship as he left the platform, having delivered himself of this weighty piece of information. Being apprised of the inadequate manner in which he had accomplished his self-imposed task, the Mayor returned to the charge, and addressed his turbulent co-citizens afresh :—'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am to state that Mr. Sims Reeves, being ill, was compelled to leave.' This speech, a worthy pendant of the other, was answered by shouts of laughter, and it seemed unlikely now that the disturbance would be quelled at all. After a long interval, during the progress of which the Shire hall threatened to be turned into a bear-garden, Madame Clara Novello made her appearance on the platform, to fulfil, as was generally surmised, the task she had undertaken as deputy. Shouts, cheers, and plaudits greeted her from every part of the room, and when these subsided, she opened her lips—but not to sing. Instead of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' it was 'Ladies and Gentlemen.' Calmly, unaffectedly, yet firmly, Madame Novello, like a musical Portia, admonished her hearers. She spoke to the following purport :—'Before he went away, very ill, Mr. Reeves explained to the conductor his total inability to sing his ballad in the second part; but, with a desire that the audience might not be losers through his indisposition, which was not his fault, he applied to me to introduce something in its place, and even sent for a copy of the ballad I am now going to have the honour of singing to you, with much less ability than he would have shown. Mr. Amott, with whom alone the artists engaged at the festival can communicate on business, was consulted, and gave his approval; and, not satis-

fied even with this, Mr. Reeves spoke with one of the stewards, who also consented to the change. Had this been stated, no fault could possibly have been laid to his charge. I thus take the liberty to address you, Ladies and Gentlemen, because I will not allow a brother artist to be unjustly accused, as Mr. Reeves was—of course unintentionally—in the explanation given this evening, or to be blamed when he is entirely innocent, and especially when he had taken all the precautions in his power to compensate for any disappointment. The tones of the nightingale had more persuasive eloquence in them than the voices of the steward and the Mayor. The fair apologist (who speaks, by the way, quite as musically as she sings) was completely overwhelmed with the demonstrations of complete satisfaction that her quiet speech had elicited, and the peace of her 'brother artist' was made with the public. We do not remember a more graceful act on the part of one artist to another—an act implying a strong sense of right, no little moral courage, and the total absence of a certain feeling of jealous rivalry from which even the most distinguished members of the profession are not invariably exempt."

We append some further remarks from the *Daily Press* :—

"It appears," says the *Morning Herald*, "that at the fire which took place in the Oatlands Park Hotel the other day, the great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, was present actively engaged in the endeavour to extinguish what really menaced the destruction of the entire building. The consequences arising from Mr. Reeves's exertions can be easily conceived—he caught cold, but came down in due course to fulfil his engagement. Unfortunately, the sudden change in the weather in his journey down—it is very cold by the way—left him on his arrival not in a condition to sing at the concert on Tuesday night. We will not mention names, but we know of two eminent singers to whom are ascribed habits of intemperance totally foreign to their nature; no charge, in fact, could be more unfounded. If a handbill had been printed and distributed in the room confusion would have been avoided. Nothing of the kind was done, but worse than this the death of poor Mr. Turner has left the stewards without an orator."

The *Times* says "At such a juncture the services of the late Mr. Thomas Turner, who, during many successive festivals was the official spokesman for the stewards, and who was wont to address the audience with an easy familiarity (never misappreciated) would have been invaluable. Mr. Turner would have told his hearers that the stewards did not set fire to Oatlands-house Hotel, in which Mr. Reeves and family were lodged on the night of Thursday last, and were therefore not responsible for the cold caught by that gentleman through exposure for hours to the night air, and anxiety about the safety of his wife and children. Mr. Turner would have stated this in that mingled tone of reproach and conciliation with which it was his custom to allay excitement in the Shirehall, and there would have been an end of it. But stewards of his calibre, unfortunately, do not abound in Festival committees, and consequently on the present occasion, instead of the bull being taken by the horns, he was permitted to roar at intervals *ad libitum*, much to the discomfort of those quietly disposed persons who wished to listen to the music, calm and unmolested by any unforeseen and inevitable contingency."

The *Morning Herald* says "Madame Novello has rendered essential service to her artistic brethren. She has established the true relations between the singer and the conductor at these festivals, for it would be absurd to suppose that vocalists are amenable to forty-four stewards—there can only be one captain of a ship. It is to be hoped, also, that a little more charity will be displayed towards singers, and that, because they may not be always in the full possession of their vocal means, imputations even of the basest kind are to be wantonly thrown out against them."

"The appearance on Tuesday of the High Sheriff of Gloucester as Mr. Reeves's apologist, has suggested to a gentleman of wit a conundrum, which was circulated this morning about the town, and which does not seem to have taken the author more than thirty-six hours to compose. 'The sheriff,' says the enigmatist, 'has a right to speak of an artist, singing or not singing, because it is his duty to occupy himself with matters of execution.' We cannot give a stronger proof of the good nature of the Gloucesterians than by mentioning that, on hearing the riddle founded on the above brilliant conceit, several persons have been seen to smile."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Before finally dismissing the Gloucester Festival, let us add our warmest acknowledgments to Mr. J. H. Brown, the able and indefatigable secretary, for his unremitting politeness and attention. The *Gloucestershire Chronicle* pays the following deserved compliment to this gentleman :—

"We must not conclude without acknowledging, on behalf of the

visitors, and especially the strangers, the services rendered on this, as on several former occasions, by Mr. J. H. Brown, the secretary to the stewards. Few persons have any adequate idea of the amount of labour which falls on the secretary, not merely in making the preliminary arrangements, but in carrying on the Festival; the volumes of letters received and answered; the forethought and method required in allotting the space; the trouble attending the issue of the different classes of tickets; the explanations to be given; the difficulties to be smoothed over; and the complex accounts to be kept. Then, again, there are the reporters to be supplied with facts which can only be obtained through the secretary. An admirable system and the most untiring courtesy have enabled Mr. Brown to get through his duties in a manner equally honourable to himself and gratifying to everybody. Both in his own proper work and in carrying out the arrangements for the comfort of the audiences Mr. Brown has been indefatigable. He has thrown in his hand everywhere that it could be usefully employed, and, in short, has been 'a host in himself.' We have no doubt that the stewards look upon Mr. Brown as their right hand; certain it is, that the visitors who have been brought in contact with him speak of him, one and all, as the active, prompt, accurate, and obliging official we have described.

"Nor ought we to omit saying a few words in commendation of the police arrangements during the week. For the first time the employment of special constables has been abolished, and the new police force have admirably preserved order; and, owing probably to several of the officers having been dressed in plain clothes, and employed as detectives, and the presence in Gloucester of a couple of officers from Scotland-yard, assisted by Meaton, the local detective, the pickpockets have been kept in involuntary idleness, and not a single case of robbery has been reported. This speaks volumes for the arrangements made by Mr. Deputy-Chief Constable Nicholls and Mr. Superintendent Griffin."

During our stay in Gloucester we had an opportunity of inspecting the new theatre, a perfect model in its way, and to which we propose devoting a short notice next week.

H. C.

TETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE GREAT BELL AT WESTMINSTER PALACE.

SIR,—In a letter recently published, Mr. E. B. Denison, who prepared designs, &c. for the bells at the Houses of Parliament, says :—"May I take this opportunity of adding that several musicians of great eminence assure me that the new Big Ben is very superior in tone to the old one, which deviated from the pattern I had given. One of them says he considers it the finest bell in Europe. This, however, is a matter of musical opinion, which I do not feel competent to discuss myself; but, after all that has been said to the contrary by persons not much more competent, it is a fact which ought to be known."

Now, as I never liked the first Big Ben, I pass on to his successor, the new great bell, whose tone, as at present heard, I must say is also below the standard of perfection. A harsh gong-like sound first strikes the ear, then a comparatively acute note predominates, being a continuous doleful monotone. I may here remark, however, that this peculiar sound is now and then rendered agreeable to the ear at a distance by the fluctuating breeze; and I presume the gentleman who thus speaks in praise of the bell to Mr. Denison must have formed his opinion of its tone under some such circumstances. Be this as it may, I venture to assert confidently—and musicians and campanologists accustomed to note the characteristics of fine-toned heavy bells will doubtless agree with me—that since this bell has been fixed in the clock tower it has never given out the proper grave fundamental note, with its complement of "harmonics," or derivative sounds; for want of which this new Big Ben fails to produce a rich and mellow tone;—he does not "ring like a bell."—I am, &c.

THOMAS WALESBY.

Waterloo-place, Sept. 7.

THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, MUS. DOC. M.A.

SIR,—When (notwithstanding your big words in big type about your abhorrence of anonymous writers some weeks ago) you again in a late number of your journal made me the object of abuse by inserting the letter of an old anonymous antagonist, I did not, of course, take any notice of such conduct, remembering, with an old and esteemed

writer, that "there is a silence which speaketh more impression than words." It has, however, come to my knowledge that I am not left quite alone to fight a battle with one who (according to your own estimation) is no better than a "moral assassin;" and although you think proper to admit into your columns only the letters of those *anonymous* writers who abuse me, I must call to your remembrance that a letter on my behalf was sent to you for insertion by a first-class musician who gave his *real* name and who scorned to write *anonymously*. This said musician sent me a copy of the letter for perusal, but, as the sentiments therein expressed were *for* and not *against* me, you have of course refused to admit the said letter into your journal. Any vulgar, abusive, and *anonymous* letter is instantly sent by you to press, but the letter of the *gentleman* is thrown aside into the waste paper basket. Surely such conduct speaks for itself. What I state is certainly true as regards myself, and I call upon you, as an honest man and as one professing to be a *respectable* editor of a *respectable* journal, to publish the letter I have alluded to, and any others you have received in my defence. I certainly will admit as an honest Englishman that I am unworthy of any *praise*, but equally will I admit that you should be too proud of the nation and the profession to which you belong to consent to hold up a brother musician to *anonymous* abuse. I request that you will not refuse to insert this letter, and the one I have alluded to, in the columns of your journal.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc. M.A.

Sept. 20.

[The name and address of Dr. Fowle's old antagonist accompanied his letter. We really have no prejudice about Dr. Fowle in one way or the other.—Ed.]

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

Sir,—Being a subscriber to your journal, I shall feel obliged by your giving publicity to the following remarks:

At the present time there is so much said about going to Musical Festivals, which have lately been held, and, soon as they are over, thought little or nothing more about, not even showing any respect to the great masters of the pieces performed. Say, for instance, the Handel Festival, what comparison is there now towards before it had begun; at that time there was scarcely said anything but that of the Handel Festival, which all London was going to hear, and perhaps have been, but people have not shown any further respect for Handel himself, or there would have been a memorial erected by public subscription ere now. Sure England is large enough for a spot for that great composer.

Your obediently,
ANONYMOUS.

London, Sept. 19, 1859.

[Will Anonymous—who is not Anonymous, Dr. Fowle—explain what he—Anonymous, not Dr. Fowle—means.—Ed. M.W.]

DEATH.

John Camidge, Doctor of Music (Cambridge), formerly Organist of York Cathedral, at York, on Wednesday, September 23, aged 69.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1859.

THE musical features of the ensuing autumn are still hidden in the womb of conjecture. It is not yet even known whether M. Jullien's concerts will take place, although there has been considerable talk about some arrangement between the "Man of the People" and Mr. E. T. Smith, for Drury Lane Theatre. That Drury Lane is, of all places, the place for M. Jullien, there can hardly be a doubt. He never was so brilliant anywhere else, except at old Covent Garden, before that was turned into the Royal Italian Opera—the late Royal Italian Opera, which was destroyed by fire. No one less than M. Jullien can dispense with elbow-room. If you squeeze him up in a corner—as at the Lyceum, last winter—he is comparatively speechless; half his means are wanting; he cannot wave his *baton* with the dignity and grace that so well become him. At Drury Lane, however, he is at ease, and breathes freely—instead of being like a whale in a butter-boat. It is much

to be hoped that there may be good foundation for the report that he and Mr. E. T. Smith have come to terms. London, at the particular time of year which immediately precedes the pantomimes, has so long been used to M. Jullien's Concerts, that when they are not (as was the case in the year of his American trip), it is like missing some old familiar face from table at a Christmas party.

About a younger institution than the Jullien promenades—the Monday Popular Concerts—there is no kind of uncertainty. Early in November the quartets, sonatas, and other instrumental works of the great masters, relieved by just enough of vocal music to impart variety without modifying the professed character of the entertainment, will be heard from week to week. The Monday Popular Concerts have opened a new field of recreation to the general public. Such an enterprise was as original as it was bold. Scarcely any one at first believed in the possibility of its ultimate success; but the result showed that the anticipations of the founders sprang from a truer instinct of the popular mind. There never was a greater or a worthier success. The people flocked to St. James's Hall, enjoyed the quartets, quintets, and other pieces (which they had been maligned as incapable of understanding) with the heartiest relish. The concerts, in short, became a general topic; their hebdomadal re-occurrence was looked forward to with eagerness; and the tones swept from the lyre of the most gifted masters (to parody Charles Lamb)

"Made Monday night the sweetest of the week."

If M. Jullien thunders for six days uninterruptedly and each successive Monday brings the more delicate strains of the *musica di camera*, the autumn and early winter will be fruitful enough in harmony.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will, of course, be on the alert, and make its thousand voices heard from interval to interval, with such effect as almost to engender a belief that Exeter Hall is really a *musical* hall instead of an enormous conventicle. Will the Sacred Harmonic Society bring out any *novelty*? There is M. Hiller's *Saul* for example; and an oratorio by Herr Molique is spoken of as all but finished. The risk is considerable, we are aware; one night's loss, with such immense outlay to contend with, becomes a serious matter. On the other hand, if the Sacred Harmonic Society is incapacitated by its peculiar constitution from venturing on a new oratorio occasionally, where are works of this kind to be heard? Mr. Hullah was not afraid of Herr Rheinthal's *Jephthah*, and that it failed to please was no fault of the director of the St. Martin's Hall concerts. Nor was Mr. Benedict afraid of Herr Naumann's oratorio (we forget the name), which, being equally unsuccessful, was abandoned like *Jephthah*, and like *Jephthah* never resorted to again. Perhaps Mr. Hullah may try his hand at something else—M. Gounod's much praised *Missa Solennis* for example, of which only a fragment or two has been heard.

All well-wishers to Mr. Henry Leslie and his excellent choir (and they are legion) will be glad to know that the Chief has determined on giving up the "prize" system, which was essentially a miscalculation. Here, too, will be musical food for the dull months, Mr. Leslie being in the habit of anticipating Christmas. We have heard talk of some interesting revivals, and among the rest a specimen or two from the elder Italian composers, Palestrina of course among the number. Why should not Jomelli's "Miserere" be tried? Handel's Funeral Anthem was not found too sombre, and Jomelli has the right sort of stuff in him. "The opera was

fine; it was Jomelli's"—says Mozart, in one of his letters from Italy. That brief sentence should have been a passport to future ages. But here for the present must close our catalogue of surmises, comments, and half-prophecies.

THE ancient sages of the City were so afraid of passing the fine line which separates good from evil, that they even saw peril in red ink. That gay-colored, fluid so captivating to the eye, might it not gradually encroach upon the domain of the black liquid, and awaken luxurious, if not sanguinary thoughts, altogether unfavourable to business-like sobriety? Hence the distich, so pregnant with wisdom:—

"Red ink for ornament, black for use,
The best of things are subject to abuse."

Let the perpendicular lines of your ledger be beautifully crimson; but let the figures themselves be black.

Comparable to these sages is Mr. Bridgeman, who finds himself in an age when every Briton is exhorted by pen, pencil, and piano to join a rifle corps. The song "Riflemen, form," inserted in the *Times*, and set to music by Mr. Balfe, rouses the soul of the Sybarite, an it were the clang of a trumpet. *Punch* patriotically contributes his assistance to his country's cause, in the shape of engravings that lure the heart with the semblance of picturesque habiliments. Mr. Edward Stirling more mildly affects the spirits by a farce, in the course of which a number of pretty women go through the rifle-exercise; but for what he loses in force he compensates by extension, causing his play to be acted on both sides of the water at once.

Mr. Bridgeman, though as ardent a patriot as Mr. Balfe, or Mr. Punch or Mr. E. Stirling, foresees that danger may arise from that predilection for the rifle which is inculcated in so many ways. "Procure a rifle by all means," says he, "but learn how to use it, or the weapon which is destined to defend your country may shatter your domestic peace." He does not, we should observe, couch his doctrine in the brief mandatory form in which we ourselves present it, but he uses it as the moral of a piece, which he calls *The Rifle and How to Use It*, and which on Thursday last was brought out at the Haymarket.

In this work no attempt is made to arouse the martial feeling by troops of dancing maidens, clad in riflemen's jackets, but a lesson of prudence is conveyed by the exhibition of a series of misfortunes, which befel one Mr. Floff, who had a rifle, but used it for an improper purpose. We are not here writing a theatrical notice, so we do not describe the particular mischief which was perpetrated by the heedless Floff. Those who wish to be enlightened on that point must look elsewhere, and we expect them to choose as the source of information the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, where the wisdom of Mr. Bridgeman is seasoned with all the humour of Messrs. Buckstone and Compton.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A grand performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is announced for the evening of Thursday, Oct. 6. The principal artists are Mdlle. Titieus, Madame Borchardt, Signors Giughini, Badiali, and Violetti. There will be a chorus of more than 200 voices, and Signor Arditi will conduct.

MUSIC IN WALES.—Miss Dolby and several other well-known artists are engaged to sing in Merthyn, on the 21st and 22nd instant, at the National Estoddod, and, on the 23rd, at the opening of the Swansea Docks. They will extend their tour to Tenby, Carmarthen, Cardiff, Newport, and Monmouth. Part of the same ground has lately been gone over, with success, by Mad. Rudersdorff and party.

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—About the concert on Saturday there is not a great deal to say. Madame Rudersdorff was the vocal attraction. She sang the grand aria from *Faust*, "The Skylark," and a Spanish song, by Yradier. The aria from *Faust* was well suited to the energetic style of the lady, but hardly appreciated at its full value by the audience. Madame Rudersdorff, nevertheless, is entitled to commendation for eschewing the beaten-path; for laying aside, as it were, excursionising among the flowery meads and verdant groves of Italian song, to deviate into the forest brakes and hilly tracts of German vocal music. It has been too much the habit lately with singers to persist in introducing to the public a certain class of songs, until from their frequent repetition the public ear has been completely surfeited. Whoever goes to a concert at the present moment is lucky if he does not hear "Ocean, thou mighty monster," "Ah! fors'è lui," "Tacea la notte," "Una voce poco fa," the *brindisi* from *Luceria Borgia*, or some other scena or aria hackneyed as if nothing else was left for singers to attempt. Certainly our native singers, whatever other worthy qualifications they may possess, have not that necessary one of distinguishing between the trite and acceptable. In twenty successive concerts they will sing the same piece, and not always select that which they sing best. Mad. Rudersdorff is a good example of an artist desirous of providing her hearers with something new and agreeable at the same time. The fine air from *Faust* was no doubt new to the majority of her hearers on Saturday, and, if she did not produce a marked effect, it was no fault of hers, since she sang it extremely well. The audiences at the Crystal Palace have had their ears so deeply attuned to the softness of Italian strains, that they cannot hear any other music with pleasure. Mr. Manns, nevertheless, should persist in endeavouring to teach them better, and we cannot recommend any singer more evenly qualified to assist him in the work than Madame Rudersdorff. The English song met with more favour than the grand aria, and was unanimously encored. Madame Rudersdorff repeated the last verse only. The Orpheus Glee Union sang Webbe's glee, "Discord, dire sister" (encored), "The last rose of summer," harmonised by Mr. T. Distin, and Mr. J. L. Hatton's part-song, "The hunt is up" (encored). The Irish melody was not vehemently applauded, a compliment indeed to the audience, as the simplicity and purity of the air is entirely lost in the arrangement. The solo instrumental performances were allotted to M. Duhem, the eminent player on the cornet, who executed the lovely canzonetta, "Fanciulle, che il core," from *Dinorah*, with remarkable skill, and to Mr. Alfred Wells, the flautist, who performed a fantasia by Boehm, displaying good executive powers and good taste. The band played Haydn's Symphony in B flat; Concert Overture in E flat, composed by Mr. Bennett Gilbert; Overture and Orgie (Introduction) to the *Huguenots*; and *Fackel-Tanz* (torch dance), the composition of His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg-Gotha. Mr. Gilbert was a pupil of Professor Bennett's, and his overture betrays a tendency to the school of his master, without leaving room, however, for a charge of plagiarism. The overture was executed for the first time in public. It is very creditable to Mr. Gilbert's talent, being both well constructed and well written. Mr. Manns had evidently given the performance his best attention.

On Wednesday a special concert was given for Madame Clara Novello, who was announced to make her last appearance, previous to her departure for Italy, whither she goes to join her family every autumn. There was no alteration in the terms of admission, so that the economic division of the music-loving public had a rare opportunity of hearing the great vocalist sing three songs at the Crystal Palace for one shilling—fourpence a song! Who would begrudge the money? Why, all London should have been present! All London, however, did not come, as the skies above London were raining all the morning, and the streets of London were wet and sloppy, enough to deter any but the most energetic and wilful from venturing forth. Nevertheless, there was a tolerable muster, considering all things; and the afternoon turned out sufficiently fine. Madame Novello had for her coadjutors Mr. Borrani,

M. Duhem, and Mr. Alfred Wells. With the exception of two overtures—Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, and Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*—and an instrumental "selection," the whole of the programme devolved on their four (or eight) shoulders. Madame Novello's share comprised the grand air "Hear, ye Israel," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Benedict's rondo "Prendi per me sei libero;" and Macfarren's ballad, "The beating of my own heart." None, save one living singer, can surpass Madame Novello in Mendelssohn's magnificent air, and few can approach her. Mr. Benedict's brilliant and fascinating cavatina—written for Malibran, and introduced by Mad. Viardot into the *Elisir d'Amore*—is not exactly amenable to the style of Madame Novello, who, although she can execute easily and fluently, is not essentially a bravura singer. Indeed, the florid style is the only one in which this accomplished lady does not shine, and in which she does not invariably produce a great impression. The long residence of Madame Novello in Italy and her intimacy with Italian artists, more than qualifications or instincts, have drawn her inclinations to florid music. Mr. Macfarren's ballad, on the other hand—to corroborate what we were advancing—was sung to perfection, and unanimously encored. Madame Novello substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie," most exquisitely warbled, with the serious drawback, however, of the Scottish terms being but indifferently pronounced. Mr. Borroni has been so long away from the stage, and so seldom appears in the concert-room, that he has almost escaped the memory of the musical public. He was the original Count Arnheim, in Mr. Balfé's *Bohemian Girl*, and sustained the part throughout its first unprecedented run. It was natural therefore that Mr. Borroni should have selected "The heart bow'd down," Count Arnheim's song, for his first essay after his long absence. Not so, however, with the grand air, "Sorgete," from *Semiramide*, which is an eagle's flight beyond the power of the singer, and should not have been attempted. Shield's song "The Wolf" was a happier choice, and in this strangely over-rated composition, the pride of stentorian barytones, Mr. Borroni was more at his ease, and sang with better effect. M. Duhem repeated the canzonetta from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, so successful on Saturday—the air of Madame Nantier-Didiée—and Mr. Alfred Wells played Richardson's Variations on "Rule Britannia."

Rossini's magnificent dramatic prelude to the *Siege of Corinth* requires a stronger force than that under the baton of Mr. Augustus Manns, to do it justice. On the other hand, Auber's sparkling overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze* comes within the power of the Crystal Palace instrumental cohort, and was executed with brilliant effect. The selection from the "Irish Melodies," alluded to above, was arranged and harmonised by Mr. Manns for cornet, flute, clarinet, oboe, and violin, and, performed by Messrs. Duhem, Alfred Wells, Pape, Crozier, and Wedemeyer, delighting the audience more than any other piece in the programme.

Wednesday next will constitute a gala-day of a peculiar kind. Mr. F. Strange, proprietor of the Refreshment Department, has announced his first benefit festival, when a great variety of entertainments will be given, several of which have not hitherto been even contemplated at the Crystal Palace. Foremost among the novelties will be a Grand Balloon Ascent, and the Second Grand Annual Banquet also will be given. With one quarter such a bill of fare as is presented, the public, we are assured, would flock to Sydenham on Wednesday next, to show their entire approbation of all that Mr. Strange has effected in his department to administer to their tastes and comforts, and to lend him a helping hand to encourage him in his post of Quarter Master General to the establishment. We are not of those who think that the victualling department at the Crystal Palace is as great a necessity as the musical. Nevertheless, we agree with our friend Dugald Dalgetty, and consider the looking after the creature comforts one of the obligations of existence. Had the immortal captain, who fought and eat so gloriously under Gustavus Adolphus, partaken of one meal of Mr. Strange's providing, he would have taken up his quarters for ever at the Crystal Palace. Those who have visited the dining saloons can bear testimony to the capital wines and meats, the excellence of serving, and the urbanity and readiness of the attendance.

DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—The long engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews was brought to a termination on Saturday evening, with Holcroft's comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, and the farce of *Paul Pry*, being for the benefit of Mr. Charles Mathews, who sustained the part of Goldfinch in the comedy, and Paul Pry in the farce, for the first time on the stage we believe. The latter was a mere experiment, and cannot be said to have entirely succeeded. Mr. Charles Mathews is essentially the representative of genteel life. He can no more portray an abnormal phase of humanity than he can sing Italian music. Even his eccentricities belong to real life. He is no caricaturist, in short, and is not constituted to give vitality or seeming to those broad sketches of character so necessary to farce, but so fatal to comedy. Such a character as Paul Pry never could have had an existence. It was the type of nothing under the sun—the chimera of a fanciful brain in search of something novel. The reputation of the piece was entirely owing to the peculiar talents, peculiar physiognomy, and peculiar dressing of the great actor who first personated Paul. Since the departure of Liston another performer has attempted the part, and with considerable success. It was, however, a gross exaggeration of a transcendent caricature. Why Mr. Charles Mathews chose to assume such a character, except to show his extreme versatility, it is not very easy to say. Of course Paul Pry, without the utmost caricature, was not likely to challenge comparisons favourable to the new actor, as far as regarded the power to create laughter, with Mr. Liston, or even with Mr. Wright. Mr. Charles Mathews was intent upon finishing a life-like portrait when he should have been sketching a fantastical idea. The consummate artist was everywhere apparent, but the whole performance went to prove that Mr. Charles Mathews was not a farce actor, in the modern acceptation of the term. That he himself did not anticipate much from his impersonation of Paul Pry, may be gathered from the fact that he only essayed it one night in London, and that, on his benefit, everything he presented to the public would be gratefully accepted. The Goldfinch of Mr. Charles Mathews was a very different affair. In this character, which, though the type no longer exists, constituted the "fast man" of the past century, the genius of the actor has full scope and swing. The antiquated phraseology, indeed, is no longer to be appreciated, and the stable terms—Holcroft in his youthful days was in a trainer's employment at Newmarket—have long since past away with the lowest racing vocabulary; but the spirit, fun, whimsicality, heartiness, and geniality of Goldfinch, cannot fail to find sympathisers in all audiences. If everybody did not understand the dialogue, all were delighted and amused with the acting. Mrs. Charles Mathews made a most charming Sophia, and the rest of the characters were tolerably well supported. At the end of the farce a vociferous call was raised for Mr. Charles Mathews, who appeared, leading on Mrs. Charles Mathews, and both lady and gentleman were received with enthusiastic cheers, the echoes of which they will, we have no doubt, carry with them to America in the *Great Eastern*.

On Monday, Miss Amy Sedgwick returned from her provincial tournee, and made her re-appearance as Rosalind, in *As You Like It*. We cannot say that the fair and accomplished actress entirely satisfied us by her impersonation of Shakspeare's incomparable heroine. Like almost all eminent artists, Miss Amy Sedgwick has her speciality, and is restricted in her powers. Shakspeare's comedy and sentiment are very different from those which the actress has been hitherto in the habit of delineating and portraying. Rosalind is intense in everything—artificial in nothing. Her very assumption of indifference to Orlando is as real as her womanly fears when she first dons the male attire. In the sentimental and pathetic only is Miss Amy Sedgwick ever real, and hence, in pure unmixed comedy, she is somewhat out of her line. Now Rosalind, we take it, belongs to pure comedy; her sentiment, deep and profound as it is, never being once allowed to predominate. The new Rosalind has certainly not proved herself a Shaksperian actress by her new impersonation, and we cannot recognise in Miss Amy Sedgwick the legitimate successor of Miss Helen Faucit, or Mrs.

Walter Lacy. The best sustained character in the play was Mr. Compton's Touchstone. Mr. Howe's Jacques was wanting in refinement and picturesqueness. It was too bold and "loud," so to speak, and had too little of the acerbity of the moraliser. The performance, notwithstanding many drawbacks, was a success, and will, we may suppose, be played frequently. Fortunately, play-going folk now-a-days are more easily pleased than they used to be. *Vivat plebs!*

On Tuesday, Miss Reynolds returned to the theatre, and appeared as Maria Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Miss Reynolds has many admirers, though few will admit she is a *comédienne par excellence*. In Miss Hardcastle the actress is scarcely called upon to display all the qualifications of a first-rate comedian, and hence the realisation of the character comes within the artist's grasp. Not that we can bestow unqualified praise upon the performance, but that it was a fair, level, piece of acting, conscientious if not earnest, natural if not refined, with little or nothing to visit with reprehension. Mr. Buckstone's Tony Lumpkin, we need hardly say, was incomparable.

Is it a sign of the dearth of comic writers in the present day, that Mr. Buckstone is compelled to have recourse to the *répertoire* of the dramatists of a past era, and a bye-gone school? Has modern comedy no vitality, and must managers strive to rake up sparks from the ashes of the dead? What are we obliged to infer from the current transactions at our principal comic theatre? On Saturday, September the 17th, Holcroft's play, *The Road to Ruin*, was revived; on Tuesday, the 20th, Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and on Wednesday, the 21st, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are*, was reproduced. We purposely omit Shakspeare's comedy *As You Like It*, given on Monday the 19th, for reasons we need not state. Mr. Buckstone is not the least shrewd, no more than he is the least talented of managers; and it may be he thinks his company too antiquated for modern comedy. No one can say he does not encourage contemporaneous writers. Too often, we fear, he suffers for his liberality; but then the public always support him—that is his consolation.

Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as They Were, and Maids as They Are*, belongs in construction and materials to a past age. The characters are out of the range of every-day life, and reflect none of our own immediate impressions. A few general passions, such as paternal affection, jealousy, envy, and gaming, alone redeem it from its fossil state. The incidents are not new, and the personages—with the exception of Miss Dorillon, whom, nevertheless, we behold far better delineated in other plays—uninteresting. Moreover, there is little or nothing original in the plot. The incident of the father concealing his relationship from his daughter, and seeing her daily—anything more unnatural than which never entered into the brain of a writer of fiction—had already been used by Richard Cumberland in the *West Indian*, and by other dramatists; yet this constitutes the pivot upon which the whole action turns. The scenes between Bronzely and Lady Priory are manifestly taken from Congreve, —all, except the spirit and wit. The play, notwithstanding pleases generally. It does not delight and fascinate, but it affords amusement and gives food to thought. Nobody can fancy he sees in these stage-entities pictures of real life. He accepts them as caricatures put upon the boards to excite his risibility, and the more they diverge from our common nature, the more he laughs. The dialogue is in Mrs. Inchbald's happiest manner. Though almost entirely devoid of that subtle essence of writing, denominated "wit," it is smart, terse, and telling, and thoroughly imbued with plain sense. The sentiment is mawkish if not morbid, and, to our thinking, the blot on the play. Miss Amy Sedgwick was infinitely more at home in Miss Dorillon than in Rosalind. The scene in the prison was exquisitely managed. The gayer scenes would, perhaps, have admitted of more buoyance and animation. Mrs. Wilkins was excellent as Lady Mary Raffle, the dame of quality of Mrs. Inchbald's time—if indeed such a lady ever existed in anybody's time—and Mrs. Buckingham White played and looked the prim, unnatural Lady Priory to perfection. Mr. Howe was sufficiently testy and dignified as the disguised Sir William Dorillon, and Mr. Chippendale

more than tyrannic and head-strong as the wife-compelling nobleman, Lord Priory. Mr. E. Villiers might have infused somewhat more interest into the part of Sir George Evelyn, and Mr. W. Farren have given more elasticity to the dashing and volatile Bronzely. The play, however, was received with great favour, and all the artists were recalled at the fall of the curtain, and received with loud cheers.

After the comedy, a new farce, entitled *The Rifle and How to Use It*, from the practised pen of Mr. J. V. Bridgman, was produced for the first time. A merrier little piece we have not witnessed for a long time. The leading idea is extremely funny. Two wived gentlemen living at Clapham (did the author here, in his instinctive fondness for punning, mean to imply that the audience also should come to "Clap-him?"), light respectively Percival Floff (Mr. Buckstone) and Sidney Jubkins (Mr. Rogers), in their devotion to their country and natural antipathy to a foreign invasion, have joined the Knickerbockers, a newly constituted volunteer rifle corps, and have furnished themselves with Enfields and uniforms to match. Returning from mess rather late one night, and primed with more ardent spirits than is becoming two staid defenders of their country, they see in the distance, at the corner of a street, what they suppose to be a man in a standing position. Jubkins suggests to his friend the man would make a splendid target, or "aim-cock." Fired with the thought of displaying his proficiency as a marksman, and heedless of all consequences, Floff presents his rifle at the object and lets fly. Bang—what is his consternation when he beholds, as he imagines, the man fall dead upon the pavement! He flings down his Enfield and flies horror-stricken; his friend follows his example. Upon this incident the plot turns. Floff arrives home in the morning, astonishes his wife with his antics, and never takes off his uniform all night. In the morning he sees a policeman, Alfred Charles Mutton (Mr. Compton)—meet name for a guardian of our areas—lurking about the premises, and fancies he comes to apprehend him on a charge of murder. Mutton, however, is intent on other thoughts. He is a sweetheart of Mary the housekeeper (Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam), and is merely watching his opportunity to see her. Floff is determined to bribe Mutton to let him off for twenty-four hours, during which time he may be enabled to make his escape to America. Mutton is invited in, and Floff treats him in the most familiar manner. Lunch and wine are brought, and Mutton soon becomes as jolly as a mud-lark. The best fun of the piece is in this scene, which is capitally managed throughout, and written with great smartness and point. Floff, in terror of his life, does everything to conciliate the policeman, who cannot make out what the "guy-nor" is driving at, and at last makes up his mind he is mad. Mutton, now too well primed, is not satisfied with his lunch and wine, but must have his pipe and the other bottle in the garden. Floff will do anything to oblige him, and sends Mrs. F. after him with the smoking and drinking materials. In the garden Mutton does not deport him as decorously as his office warrants. He not only makes love to Mrs. F. and puts his hand round her waist, but absolutely kisses Mrs. Jubkins, who has stolen on their privacy. Mrs. F. complains to her spouse of the conduct of Mutton, but he consoles her with the information that he is a nobleman disguised for a wager. A good deal of bustle and fun is now carried on by the vagaries of Master Mutton, who rather enjoys his new phase of existence. A sudden stop, however, is put to his gallantries by Mary, the housekeeper, who has observed all the goings-on in the garden, and appears on the scene wrathful and full of jealous pangs. Here informations and explanations only arouse the jealousies of Mr. F. and Mr. J., and a scene of inextricable confusion ensues, impossible to describe. The *dénouement* is brought about in the simplest manner. The owner of the lay figure, which Floff has shot down at the corner of the street, arrives and demands compensation for the damage done, and after some further terrors on the part of Floff, all is made clear.

The only fault in this exceedingly humorous farce is the unnecessary spinning out of the scene with the three ladies and the three gentlemen, after their entrance from the garden, when,

notwithstanding the hurry and bustle, the fun appears to flag. A quarter of-an-hour, or ten minutes' reduction in this place would greatly enhance the effect, and nothing would be lost. The acting was admirable on all hands. Mr. Buckstone was never more irresistibly droll, and indeed has rarely had a small part in which he could show off his rare powers to greater advantage. Mr. Compton, too, was well fitted in the stolid, self-sufficient policeman, who thinks he knows everything, and finds, at the end, he knows nothing, and kept the house in roars while he was on the stage. The part of Julkins was hardly important enough for Mr. Rogers, who, however, rendered it prominent by his spirited and excellent acting. To the ladies, Mrs. Buckingham White, Mrs. Wilkins, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, the author is much indebted for the care and pains they took to carry out his ideas. In fact, the piece could not be better acted, and we have no doubt that *The Rifle, and How to Use It*, is destined to enjoy a long and prosperous run. We need not add that it was repeated last night, and is announced for every evening until further notice.

To-night the Princess's Theatre opens under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, for the purpose, as we are creditably informed, of introducing to the London public pieces of the Paris Porte-St-Martin school. The season commences with a new drama, in four acts, by the universal Mr. John Oxenford, called *Ivy Hall*, and a dramatic tableau (in Watteau colours), entitled *Love and Fortune*, by the veteran, Mr. J. R. Planché. The theatre has been newly painted and decorated.

The Adelphi opens this evening for the winter season, with three old pieces and a new farce, to be named *Love and Hunger*, by Mr. J. M. Morton.

Mr. Robson recommences operations at the Olympic this evening. The performances consist of *A Morning Call*, *Payable on Demand*, and *Retained for the Defence*.

The St. James's Theatre will open with a new company on Monday. They will perform a new comedy, called *The Widow's Wedding*, and a new burlesque, entitled *Virginus*.

Mr. Walter Lacy is in treaty for the Lyceum theatre. That temple of indifferent fortunes may perhaps experience a turn of good luck under the energetic and liberal administration of the eminent comedian.

CLARA, SIMS, AND STEWARDS.—Clara Novello, who is also, and deservedly, a Countess, came forth in style and spirit the other night at Gloucester. Mr. Sims Reeves has been living with his family at Oatlands Park Hotel, near Walton (where the bridge fell down the other day, though its vaunting architect, as I read in county history, said it would last two hundred years), and a few nights ago, the said hotel caught fire, and a large portion thereof was burned. Reeves, of course, had to rush about, at night, for some hours, getting his wife and children into safety, and securing his property. Thereby he caught a bad cold. But, by dint of nursing and careful treatment, he managed to get his voice together sufficiently to enable him to sing in an oratorio at the Gloucester Festival, but at night he broke down, and sent a letter to say so. The stewards made the worst instead of the best of it, and annoyed the already ill-tempered audience at the concert, and one of them, in announcing that Madame Novello would sing for Mr. Reeves, made the rather petulant remark that the principal business of the stewards was to apologise for the latter. When Clara Novello came on, as the substitute of the great tenor, instead of beginning at once with her song, she astonished the Gloucesterians by a neat and emphatically delivered address, to the effect that Mr. Reeves was very ill, that the authorities knew it, and that she had no idea of a brother *artiste* being misrepresented. I greatly admire her *esprit de corps* and courage. It is very aggravating, however, to receive an apology instead of the expected song, but I have before mentioned, I think, that Mr. Reeves so seriously injured his throat by intense study, in his earlier career, that he is often entirely and suddenly prostrated, without blame to himself, and this all musical people ought to know.—*Bath Chronicle*.

CONSECRATION OF THE WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE OF BRITISH JEWS.—The re-opening of the West London Synagogue, after

extensive repairs and alterations, will take place on Monday next. The introduction of an organ constitutes a novel and important feature in the alterations, as it is the first time the instrument has been used in a Jewish church in the metropolis. On the Continent there are many synagogues which have organs, and one has lately been introduced at Manchester. The organ for the West London Synagogue has been built by Messrs. Gray and Davison, and is a splendid specimen of their architecture and manufacture. Mr. C. G. Verrinder, pupil of Dr. Elvey of Windsor, has been selected as organist. The music to be performed at the consecration, has been composed by Mr. Charles Salaman, with the exception of one short extract from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord shall reign," and the introductory chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, to which he has adapted the 150th Psalm, in Hebrew. It consists of the 100th Psalm, chorale, for solo, chorus, quartet, and chorus; the 24th Psalm, chorus and sestet; 29th Psalm, chorus and quartet; 84th Psalm, septet for two sopranos, alto, two tenors, and two basses. This is not all, however, Mr. Charles Salaman has accomplished for the music of the synagogue. He has written responses and various services, and has harmonised all that has hitherto been done. Formerly the music of the services was entirely vocal, being made up for the most part of traditional melodies, antiquated and valueless. The introduction of the organ has changed the whole face of affairs, and henceforth harmonised music will be heard for the first time in a London synagogue. The consecration, is expected to be a very imposing ceremony, both in a musical and religious light, and the wardens have received numberless applications for tickets from persons of all persuasions.

PROVINCIAL.

IPSWICH.—(From a Correspondent).—The Brousil Family, with Miss Palmer as vocalist, under the management of Mr. Lindley Nunn, R.A., gave two concerts at the Corn Exchange in this town, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and their fame having preceded them in the form of the annexed encomium, reprinted in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, &c., a treat of no every-day occurrence was anticipated:—"We do not wonder," writes Dr. S. T. Hall of these young performers, "that empresses, princes, and poets, as well as musical *artistes* themselves of high celebrity, should on various occasions have expressed the greatest delight in their wondrous genius and skill, their power to thrill every chord of human feeling, by their consummate performances. But the sight of the family is of itself a great treat. They look music as well as perform it, and that without the slightest affectation or effort." Who, then, "would stop the vent of hearing when loud rumour speaks" in such bewitching, syren-like tones as Dr. Hall's? Not I, indeed! No, though I should leave my bones a-bleaching on the floor of the Exchange, as a monument of my rashness—I'll go. The evident interest excited in the public mind on this occasion is a cheering proof, I trust, that the divine art is daily gaining ground in the affections of the people; and though I do not expect ever to see Lords Palmerston and Russell, like Minos and Thales of old, singing to the lyre their new Reform Bill (may their lordships grant it be not in a minor key!), yet I hope the day is not far distant when our Amphions shall be so numerous that every stone of stumbling may be removed from the pathway of its onward march to humanise and civilise the world. Wednesday's programme ran thus:—Eighth Concerto—Spohr; Aria, "L'Addio," Miss Palmer—Mozart; Andante (violin solo)—Mendelssohn; Song, "Three Fishers" Miss Palmer—J. Hullah; Airs, "Hongrois"—Ernst; Trio—Mayseder; Ballad, "The Cottage by the Sea" (composed for Miss Palmer)—Lindley Nunn; Duo (violins)—Brousil; Old Scotch song, "Hundred Pipers," Miss Palmer; Fantasia, "The Bird on the Tree"—Hauser.—Here we are, then: the principal seats are well filled with a goodly array of the fashion and wealth of the town and neighbourhood, whilst the secondary seats and promenade present also an excellent appearance, promising well for the undertaking. Past eight, and some over-anxious individuals are getting impatient, and calling time lustily while beating it with sticks on the backs of the benches. But now they are upon the

platform, bowing to the audience, and their looks justify the Dr. in what he says on that head. The concerto is being performed, and, though I am not so paradoxically inclined as to think it possible for young persons to feel and be competent to move in others the deep passions of our nature in a degree equal to those who have long battled with the rough world's trials, I am half inclined to indorse all the Doctor has put forth concerning them. The concerto has ceased to sob and lament, and Miss Palmer is before us; she has a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power and flexibility, but somewhat coarse in tone; nevertheless, she meets with applause. The andante is beautifully executed; and Miss Palmer again appears: the music of this song, "Three Fisher's went sailing," like the words, is good, and the two are well wedded, very well rendered on the present occasion, encored, and immediately responded to. Ernst's "Hongrois" airs are capitally performed. The first part over, some thirsty souls among us retire to whet our whistles. Now comes the trio; Mr. Lindley Nunn, pianoforte: that will do—time and tune maintained with precision. Miss Palmer again: the words of the song, "The Cottage by the Sea," are chaste and touching, but I cannot think the setting of the music is altogether happy—it is not so true to nature as are the words, and somewhat exaggerated withal. Pass by the next lot, for I do not like concertinas; Brousil's duet, with a little more fire and spirit, would be first-rate; it is encored, however. Next comes Miss Palmer again, with the old Jacobite song, and sings it in a good characteristic style; but, like a loyal Englishwoman, bows and retires at the end of the third stanza: some twenty or thirty canny Scots or wit-be-fogged Englishmen, bellow and stamp for the remaining lines, but to no purpose; for the lady possesses too much good sense to allow the two thousand "Highland men" to swim over the Esk, and dance themselves dry to the pibroch's sound: and so,

Dumfunder'd these lads we saw, we saw,
Dumfunder' they heard no blow, no blow;
Dumfunder'd they looked awa, awa!
And cursed the pipers, an' a', an' a'.

The fantasia over, we retire very well satisfied indeed. Thursday's programme comprised:—Fantasia, "Il Pirata," Ernst; Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga," Handel; Le Streghe, (violin solo), Paganini; Song, "Many a time and oft," J. Duggan; Concertina Solo, Lindley Nunn; Fantasia, Hauser; Airst, Ernst; Song, "To thee my love" (composed for Miss Palmer), A. Randegger; Duo (violins), Brousil; Violoncello Solo, Servais; Old English Ballad, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington;" National Airs, Baetens. Lest I should become too prolix, I will end here, by merely stating that Mr. Lindley Nunn's speculation has proved a decided success, and affords a guarantee that if enterprising men will cater wisely for the public, they will be gainers by so doing. Mr. Charles Dickens reads his *Christmas Carol*, and Trial from *Pickwick*, in the above place, on Monday evening, the 10th of October, when a bumping full house must be the natural consequence.

At BRIGHTON, the Brousil Family have been giving a series of five concerts at the Royal Pavilion with much success. At the last two concerts, they were assisted by Miss Clari Fraser, who—nothing to be surprised at—appears to have made a highly favourable impression on her two audiences, although suffering from the effects of a severe cold. The *Brighton Gazette* especially appears to have noticed in Miss Fraser's singing that excellence so extremely rare in vocalists, distinct articulation, and which few of our native artists think it worth their while attending to. We could point to some of our most eminent singers, of whom, when singing, you cannot be assured what language they employ. "Miss Clari Fraser's articulation is excellent," exclaims our marine contemporary, "for not a syllable that she sings is lost, and, when in full possession of her flexible and melodious voice, her ballads exhibit the double charm of words and music." Of how many English singers could the same thing be predicated?

Mdlle. PICCOLOMINI has been playing Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, at Leeds—if we are to accredit some of the local journals—with immense success. Our readers in the metropolis, who remember all the fascination and accomplishments of the fair artist, will hardly put much faith in this report.

That Mdlle. Piccolomini, however, has played the part and achieved a great success, cannot be denied. The *Leeds Intelligencer*, speaking of the performance, says:—"It would appear almost impossible that the wonderful powers of Mdlle. Piccolomini could ever be displayed to greater advantage than they were on this occasion." The effect she produced may be estimated by an encore she received in the *cabaletta*, "Di tale amor," to the opening air, "Tacea la notte"—one of Mdlle. Titiens' grand feats—and by a similar compliment even for the "Miserere," with Signor Belart, to say nothing of being recalled several times. Those, however, who entertain any doubts as to Mdlle. Piccolomini's achievements in the *Trovatore*, should bear in mind that Leonora was the character in which she succeeded best in America, and was that which she appeared in oftentimes, excepting Violetta, in *La Traviata*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CONSIDERING the centrifugal force which at this season thins the population of Paris, driving it to rural retreats or sea-side settlements, and prolonging, while it grotesquely modifies, the fashion and frivolity of the capital, there is still a notable amount of artistic activity in the residuum whom caprice, business, indolence, impecuniosity, and the other forms of fate still enchain to the bituminous boulevards. The army of Parisian artists and virtuosi militant is numerous enough to send forth detachments into all Europe to wage war against slowdom and cretinism, and yet preserve a sufficient force at home to make an imposing parade, and keep these enemies of human happiness in check.

Were not music first in my thoughts already by natural inclinations, no less than acquired, I must, in courtesy, writing to you, begin with what concerns the divine art. The Grand Opéra is doing nothing worthy of notice, but at the Opéra-Comique an important event has taken place in the shape of Madame Marie Cabel's *rentrée*, and the revival, for that occasion, of *L'Etoile du Nord*. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and the charming Catherine was received with unbounded applause, in which the *vrai public* beat the *claque* hollow. The opera has lost nothing in the favour of the Parisians, and it was listened to throughout with scarcely less enthusiasm than when its brilliant and highly-coloured music first charmed their ears. The execution was, on the whole, satisfactory. Faure resumed the part of Peter, so well suited to his powers, and in which it would be difficult to surpass him. Both he and Cabel were re-called at the fall of the curtain. The new opera of *La Pagode* is still delayed through the indisposition of Madlle. Bousquet. Meanwhile, Ambroise Thomas's *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été* is to be revived for the first appearance of Madlle. Montrose and the part of the "divine Williams" is to devolve this time on Montaubry. Shakspeare the hero of an opéra-comique! The Swan of Avon uttering the trills and flourishes of a French bird-organ! Were our Shakspeare worshippers as sincere as they are quarrelsome, they would cease to squabble over poor Collier's folio, and unite to petition the government to make this a *casus belli*, offering, like the French colonels, to fetch the desecrators out of their infamous dens. But to proceed with my news—Limnander's *Les Blancs et les Bleus* has been put into rehearsal, and a great deal is expected of this new work. Jourdan, Troy, and Madlle. Wertheimer are to appear in the principal parts, and Madlle. Bousquet will inherit the part originally destined to poor Madlle. Breuillé. The part of the *colporteur*, the hinge on which the whole turns, is to be entrusted to Ambroise.

The Théâtre Lyrique, which since its re-opening this season has done little to attract the public very powerfully, gives signs of more vigorous action for the future. M. Gounod's *Faust* was revived the other day, and, strange as it may appear, the public seem to take to it. The phenomenon is due, no doubt to a large extent, to the charms of Mad. Carvalho's admirable singing and acting, that lady having re-appeared on her native stage, with her blushing London honours thick upon her, in the part of Marguerite, the music of which she sings with all that per-

fection of taste and intelligent grace which belong to her. She is, by the way, as sparing of ornament in this part as in others she is prodigally lavish, producing her effects by the force of simplicity and naïf grace, and when the situation demands it, by the breadth and energy of her expression. Guardi, who was to have made his *début* last winter in *Faust*, has now assumed the part, but with no very striking success. He is, in spite of his name, a Frenchman, is handsome in person, and possesses a voice of considerable compass and power, which he is, however, not content to use within the limits of nature, but forces it according to a foolish practice but too common with the singers of the modern school, thus giving a tremulous and otherwise disagreeable character to the sound. He is in other respects promising, and, avoiding this fault, with study and experience may take a respectable position. The Bouffes-Parisiens are open again in the Rue Choiseul. Mdlle. Tautin made her re-appearance in *Le Mari à la Porte*. *Geneviève de Brabant*, from which great fun is anticipated, is, as they say in English bills, "in active preparation."

In the purely dramatic region there has been even more activity displayed; the coolness of the September evenings has acted in the way of a stimulating tonic to the languor of the hot season. From the Théâtre Français one is not accustomed to expect very lively efforts; quick motion would not accord with the dignity of so legitimate an establishment; accordingly it somewhat lags behind its more frivolous and vulgar companions. By way of novelty it has produced the *Iphigénie en Aulide* of Racine. Madame Guyon's Clytemnestre is, however, a powerful piece of acting, and will no doubt prove sufficiently attractive, satisfactorily to wear away the interval till the return of Provost and the production of Monsieur Leon Laye's new comedy, in which he is to play the chief personage.

The Odéon has commenced the campaign with two new pieces bearing the names respectively of two authors new to fame, as becomes a theatre professedly open to the rising ambition of the day. One, entitled *Un Portrait de Maitre*, by Monsieur Barillot, is a comedy in one act and in verse. It is founded on an anecdote which has sometimes been told, rightly or wrongly, of Raphael, who it is said was once cajoled by a fair and frail dame into painting a portrait of her, *pour ses beaux yeux*, which portrait once obtained the liaison was suddenly and prematurely brought to a close by the lady, while a certain wealthy *connoisseur*, her admirer and patron, had his gallery enriched with one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Divine Master. The author has not chosen, however, with a discretion and reverence that does him credit, to place Raphael in the contemptible position attributed to him in the story, but calls his hero, if a dupe can be so called, Michiel Menzio. There is nothing very remarkable about the production, which bears upon it a mark of the author's inexperience. The second novelty is a prose comedy, in five acts, entitled *Noblesse oblige*. The author, M. de Keranin, has taken his subject from one of Balzac's *Scènes de la Vie privée*, that called *Le Bal de Sceaux*, in which a young lady of noble family becomes enamoured of a youth whom she afterwards recognises officiating behind the counter of a linen warehouse. Up to this knotty position the dramatist runs parallel with the novelist, but in the *dénouement* they disagree. Balzac was notoriously averse to rosewater conclusions; he would make no petty compromises with the stern fates which ruled this world, and most of his stories would, instead of ending with the fairy-tale formula, "and they lived happily to the end of their days," generally call for some such terminal phrase as, "and they dragged on their lives in sorrow and wretchedness till death grinned on them in pity." Monsieur Keranin is of the old and merry days of fiction, and prefers tapering off with wedding-favours and a jig, to abruptly leaving his audience in a dilemma of woe with a slight hint that matters are not at their worst. The days of messalliance are passed away, and the heirs of dukes and marquises have ceased even to be amusing. Monsieur Keranin's comedy is, therefore, under the disadvantage of being unsuited to the age, and if it maintain its position, won by a decided first night's success, it will be owing to the skill and vigour with which many of its scenes are treated. As I have been speaking of Balzac, let me say here, that he has

appeared again in person as a dramatist at the Vaudeville, where his latest work for the stage, *La Marâtre*, has been revived. It was brought out at the Théâtre Historique in 1848, when its career was cut short by the lamentable events of that year. Balzac shows in this drama that he was beginning to grasp the means of conducting a dramatic plot, developing character by dialogue, and producing stage effects with as masterly a hand as that which had woven so many irresistible spells for the novel reader. The subject is, however, as disagreeable as can well be conceived, even from the unflinching imagination of the author of *Cousine Bette*, and exhibits the amorous rivalry of a stepmother and a daughter-in-law for the same unsanctioned object, the lawless and unnatural struggle for success in shame being waged under the eye of a husband and a father. All Balzac's cynical skill in analysing the depths of French corruption, all his art in exhibiting its features in the most impressive light, are bestowed on the hideous portraiture, and the author's handiwork is heightened by the congenial efforts of the actresses of the principal parts, Madlle. Marie Laurente, the marâtre, and Madlle. Bérengère (from the Odéon), the daughter-in-law.

The Gymnase has made a double incursion upon the territory of the Comédie Française by the revival of Mad. Ancelet's *Marie ou les Trois Époques*, and the production of a new comedy, in verse, by M. Ernest Serret, entitled *Un Ange de Charité*. The latter is a washed-out edition of Octave Feuillet's sufficiently colourless and insipid play *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme pauvre*. The seedy hero of the new version, when "down on his luck," becomes a tutor in a private family, where he falls in love with one of its female members as a matter of course. When I tell you that the hard-up Lothario, in one of the scenes, asks the object of his ambitious passion for a rise of salary, you will see at once with what exquisite taste this maudlin and hackneyed subject is worked, and absolve me from all further allusion to such abject trash. I have more to tell you about the theatres, but for the present I conceive the dose is sufficient.

FIELD AND CLEMENTI.*

JOHN FIELD was born on the 26th July, 1782, in Dublin, where his father played the violin in the orchestra of the theatre. The first instruction he had on the pianoforte was given him by his grandfather, an organist. Subsequently, he became the pupil of Muzio Clementi, whom the French used jokingly to call the "Papa of pianoforte players." As a youth—after having spent his boyhood in a rather idle manner—he accompanied Clementi on his travels, and excited the greatest admiration by his playing, especially in Vienna. In 1803, Clementi took his pupil with him to St. Petersburg, where he lived in a most retired manner, occupying a couple of small rooms, looking out into the courtyard of the Hotel de Paris. Here Clementi gave lessons on his instrument from morning to night, at five-and-twenty roubles a lesson. As long as he was himself thus employed, he carefully avoided directing attention to the talent of his pupil, to whom only a very subordinate part was allotted at the concert of Mad. Mara. Field's parents had paid Clementi beforehand one hundred pounds, the sum agreed on for Field's board and education, but the young musician had great trouble in getting a pair of boots mended, and when, on one occasion, as he was travelling between Narva and St. Petersburg, he lost his hat, he had to wait more than a month before the strict "Papa" would give him five roubles for a new one, and, during this period, the young man had to stop in-doors, his only resource being the piano. Clementi did not purchase even for himself any warm clothing for the winter, so that it is almost superfluous to say Field got none. His food, too, was, thanks to his master's avarice, of the most simple kind, consisting of tea, bread, butter, cheese, &c., all of which articles he was himself obliged to fetch from the provision booths (*lawken*).

At the English Club, where Clementi generally received five

* From a biographical sketch by E. Gerber, in the *Vienna Recensionen*. Most of the facts related were communicated by F. A. Gebhard, now eighty years of age, who still resides at Moscow. He is on the pension list of the Imperial Theatre, and was a friend of Field for three and thirty years.

hundred roubles for the share he took in the evening's entertainment, he was once unable to attend on account of indisposition, and so he sent John Field. The young man was welcomed in a friendly manner by his countrymen, who did not miss the "papa of pianoforte players." Field handed over to his master the five hundred roubles he had received, and Clementi did not make him a present of even one. Field could never go to the theatre, except on one occasion, when Clementi took him into the orchestra, because it cost nothing!

The time for Clementi's departure was approaching. One evening, Field accompanied his master for the purpose of being introduced to Mademoiselle Demidoff, one of the latter's pupils. Field met a small and select circle, and was, at last, prevailed on, by the young and beautiful Mademoiselle Demidoff, to sit down to the piano. Everyone was enchanted with his playing. His youthful and modest manner, his strong, slim form, his noble features, his large blue eyes, and his head of light, curly hair, all enlisted the sympathies of his audience in his behalf.

Field now became the young lady's instructor. Having again enhanced the enjoyment of a *soirée* at the English club by playing for Clementi, he wanted to spend the proceeds in giving an entertainment to his young artistic colleagues. This occasioned a violent altercation between him and his master, but it ended in his having to hand over the five hundred roubles.

Field now determined to find some mode of revenging himself.

The day previous to Clementi's departure (1804) he invited his young friends, about twenty in number, to a grand dinner at his hotel. Before his master left the house, Field hurried to the landlord and informed him that Clementi had resolved on giving, that day, a farewell dinner, with the best wines, to a party of twenty. The landlord was astonished at the liberality of the miserly "Papa" Clementi, who had never before once dined in his establishment, and as Clementi, at that moment, entered the room on his way out, Field said hurriedly to him: "It is all right, Mr. Clementi, is it not—the landlord is to give you to-morrow morning the bill for what has been ordered?" "Yes, yes," grunted Clementi, as he hastily slipped out of the house, for it had been agreed between the two that Field, in consideration of his performance the previous day, was to have a dinner and coffee afterwards at Clementi's expense.

The guests assembled, eat, joked, and enjoyed themselves greatly. According to his custom, it was late before Clementi returned. The following morning, the landlord greeted him with the bill. Clementi jumped up, stormed, raved, and wanted to thrash Field. But it was all no good; he was obliged to pay.

During his last illness, a lady asked Field: "Are you a Roman Catholic or a Calvinist?" "Madame," he answered, smiling blandly, "*je suis Claviciniste*."

John Field died at Moscow on the 11th January, 1837.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(Continued from page 607.)

No. 43.

Wolfgang Am. Mozart to his Sister.

Milan, January 26, 1770.

I rejoice with all my heart that you should have been so much amused at the sledging party you describe, and I would wish you a thousand opportunities of amusement, that your life might be passed in joy. There is one thing, however, which grieves me, which is that you should have allowed that poor M. de Moelk to suffer and sigh so, and that you did not mount the sledge beside him, that he might have had a chance of upsetting himself with you. How many handkerchiefs must he have used up on that day to wipe up the tears which you must have caused him to shed. It is probable that he may have ingurgitated, before coming, three ounces of tartar to purify himself. I know of no news, unless it be that M. Gellert,* the poet of Leipsic, is dead, and that since his death he hath made no more verses. Just before commencing this letter I finished an air of *Demetrio*, which begins thus:—

"Misero tu no sei
Tu spieghi il tuo dolore.

* Celebrated for his fables and tales. Born at Hainichen in Saxony in 1715; died at Leipsic in 1769.

E se non desti amore
Ritrovi almen pietà,
Misera ben son io
Che nel segreto laccio
Amo, non spero e taccio
E l'idol mio nol sà."

The opera at Mantua was fine. They played *Demetrio*. The *prima donna* sings well, but she can scarcely be heard. But for seeing her gesticulate one might believe she was not singing, for she does not know how to open her mouth, and a mere breath escapes from it: but this is no new matter for us. The *seconda donna* looks like a grenadier; she has the voice of one, but does not sing badly, however, for a woman who is a novice. *Il primo uomo il musico* sings well, but with an unequal voice. He calls himself Caselli.* *Il secondo uomo* is old. I can't bear him. The tenor is named Ottini; he does not acquit himself ill but keeps up with difficulty, like all Italian tenors. He is our friend. I do not know the name of the second. He is young yet, but that is not a very rare quality. *Primo ballerino*, good; *prima ballerina* good; and they say she is not at all coy; as for me I have not seen her close. The rest are as they all are. There is a *grotesco* who skips and capers wonderfully but who cannot write as well as I; the orchestra is passable. That at Cremona is better. The first violin is named Spagnoletta. *Prima donna*, not bad; old as the devil, as I fancy; she sings less well than she plays; she is the wife of a violinist who is one of the orchestra, and her name is Masci. The opera was entitled: *La Clemenza di Tito*. *Seconda donna*, not bad, young, but nothing extraordinary. *Primo uomo, musico*, Cicognani, an agreeable voice and a fine *cantabile*. The two other *castrati*, young and passable. The tenor's name is *Non lo so*; he has an agreeable person and resembles Leroi of Vienna. *Ballerino primo* good, and a great tall devil, plus a danseuse who does not caper badly; what a *capo d'opera*! a good creature on and off the stage. The rest as the rest is everywhere.

I have not much to tell you about Milan. We have not yet been to the Opera. We heard that the new opera has not succeeded. The *primo uomo*, Aprilo,† sings well and has a fine voice, very equal. We heard him in a church where there was a grand festival.

Madame Piccinelli of Paris, who sang at our concert, plays at the opera. M. Pick, who danced at Vienna, dances here. The opera is called *Didone Abandonnata*, and soon will not be played any more. Signor Picini, who is writing the next opera, is here. I have heard that his opera will be called *Cesare in Egitto*.

Wolfgang von Mozart,
Noble of Hochenthal.

PROGRAMME OF A CONCERT GIVEN BY MOZART AT MANTUA.
Programme of musical compositions which will be executed at the public concert of the Philharmonic Academy of Mantua, on the 16th of January, 1770, in the evening, on the occasion of the visit of the very youthful and very skilled Signor Amadeo Mozart, aged fourteen years.

1. Symphony composed by Signor Amadeo Mozart.
2. Concerto on the harpsichord, executed at first sight by the same.
3. Air, sung by a professor.
4. Sonata for the harpsichord, executed at first sight by young Mozart, and repeated, with variations of his own composition, in a different key from the first.
5. Violin concerto by a professor.
6. Air improvised and sung immediately by Signor Amadeo, with harpsichord accompaniment to words written expressly, and not before seen by the composer.
7. Another sonata for the harpsichord, composed and executed by the same, on a motive proposed extempore by the first violin.
8. Concerto for the hautbois by a professor.
9. Fugue composed and executed by Signor Amadeo on the harpsichord, and carried through completely, according to the laws of counterpoint, upon a simple theme proposed extempore.
10. Symphony executed on the harpsichord by the same, with all the orchestral parts, from the violin part alone, placed before him without previous acquaintance.
11. Duo by two professors.
12. Trio, in which young Amadeo will play a part extempore.
13. Symphony composed by the same.

(To be Continued.)

* A tenor whose career was of the longest on record. He appeared first at Milan in 1733.

† Born in the kingdom of Naples, 1746, one of the masters of Cimarosa.

ASCHER'S NOCTURNE CANTIBILE, from Verdi's new opera "Un Ballo in Maschera." Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

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